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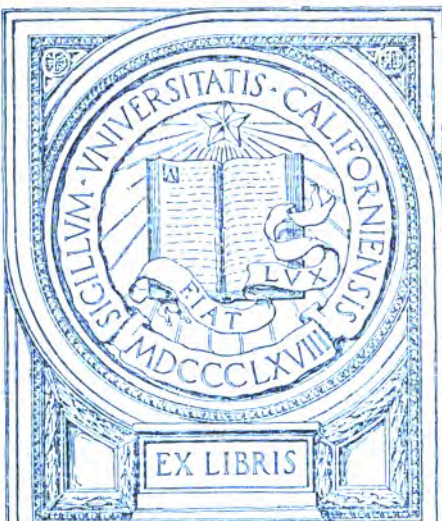
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MARIE NELSON LEE

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MARIE NELSON LEE



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No. 31 West Carrilo Street
Santa Barbara, California

TO VIND
ABROUAD

Copyright 1921

by

giff MARIE NELSON LEE

Los Angeles

INTRODUCTION

*Such are friends—they will endure
E'en to read my verses o'er
And ask to have their choice reprinted—
(Requestors' names in index hinted).*

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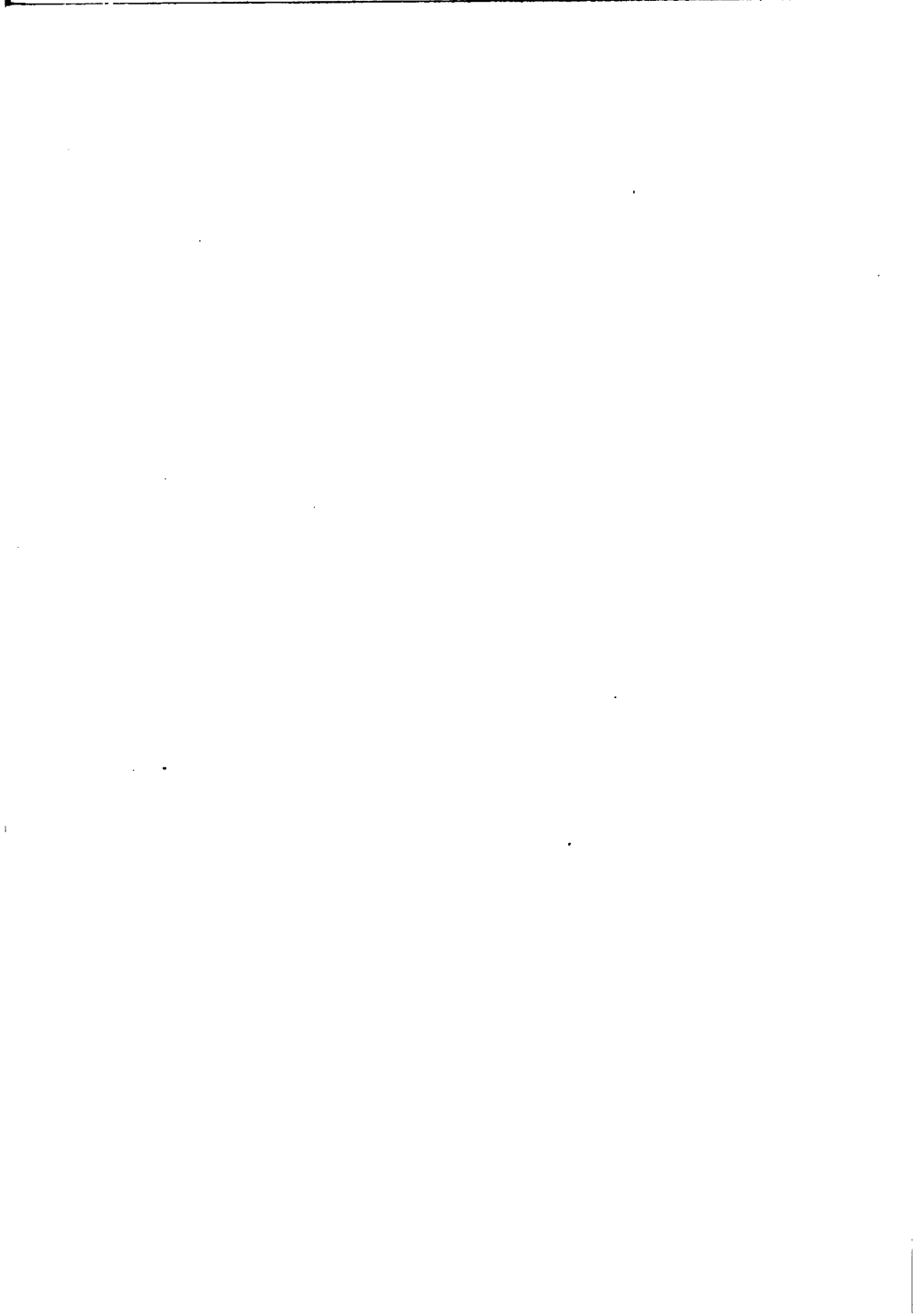


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IN CALIFORNIA

SURE, March, the sassy, thieving jade
Is stealing fair May's thunder,
In days that witch the soul o' ye
And all yer worries plunder.
The timorous, wee humming birds
And the bumptuous bumble-bees
Are a sipping perfumed honey
From the blossom laden trees.
The rollicking, rover robin
And the songful mocking bird,
Are carolling the sweetest songs
That a body ever heard.

Ye wanta loosen down yer hair,
And undress yer feet and rove
'Cross a clover-scented meadow,
Thru a ferny-scented grove,
To where a chatterboxious brook
Splashes over shining stones,
And gossips to the watercress
In low, unctious undertones.
Ye wanta linger on the bank
And to feel the thrilling cool
Of mossy earth along yer length,
As ye sprawl beside the pool.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Ye long to smell the dank, sweet ground
And the spicy undergrowth.
Ye wanta run—ye wanta rest—
And to get yer fill o' both.***
Here are pines, acacias, peppers
And the eucalypti tall—
But I miss young leaves in the spring
And the gay leaves in the fall.
The petticoated palms are topped
With most fascinating hoods—
But my very soul is yearning
For the smell of Back-East woods.

THE WAY

DEEP in my soul a still, small voice
Whispered the Way of Life to me,
But the call of Youth was loud and clear,
My heart beat high and I could not hear,
And The Way I could not see.

Deep in my soul the still, small voice
Cautioned the way of life to me,
But the song of Love was sweet and clear,
My blood surged high and I did not hear,
And The Way I did not see.

From the depths of my soul the silent voice
Still urged the way of life to me,
But the World called to my eager ear,
Ambition thundered, I would not hear,
And The Way refused to see.

The call of Youth and of Love are hushed,
The call of the World comes an echo to me,
But the voice of my soul, that seemed so small,
Speaks clearly a message transcending all,
And The Way I hope to see.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

WHO COMES OVER THE HILL?

THE snowdrop shyly lifts her head
Half afraid to stay:
The Robin plumps his gaudy chest
And trills a rondelay:
The Brooklet bursts her icy bonds
And sweeps the channel clear;
The Farmer sloshing to the barn
Cries, "Durn it all, she's here."

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

THE CANARY BIRD

YOU thumbful of soft, yellor fluff—
Say, where'd you git all that stuff?
A bustin loose the live-long day,
Gee, you got a lot to say!
Cant nobody call you quitter,
Way et you turn on that twitter.

In back uh them black beads uh eyes
You sure do tank a big supprise,
Yer body, not a gill-cup long,
Holds a plum barreelfula song.
Whoopti-doodendoo-young-feller—
They *gotcha* when they tanned you *yellor*.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

ABBY LOUISE

(A PORTRAIT)

SILVER tresses fluff like seafoam 'bove her un-
ribbed brow:
Her warm, brown, autumn eyes with youth and
springtime glow,
And from them radiate fine tracings of her happy
smile.
Faint trails of experience 'bout her upcurved lips
beguile
The fancy—her many charms enhance—allure
To deeper interest. Constructive purpose, true and
sure,
The builder's love of life and humankind
Are hers. Love of truth, free speech, unfettered
mind;
These and the strength of soul to speak the truth
and walk upright,
Holding aloft, for those who scoff, a liberating light.
Thus Life, the artist of the soul, does blend the grace
Of spirit with temporal beauties of her face.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

A HOUSEHOLD GOD

O H, what do I see on the farther shore
Of the stream where the path bends round the
hill?

Oh, what do I see thru the open door,
That enthralls my gaze against my will?

Oh, what do I see but a neighbor's child,
With his hand in the grimy hand of Crime,
And, beyond, where the path skirts the Rock of
Chance,
With his hourglass dripping blood, stands Time.

I close the door 'gainst the sight of the child
Who walks with Crime on the path of sin,
And thank MY god that my dear son plays
With Ease and Comfort safe within.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

MY KIND O' GUY

THEY'S folks and folks in this yere world
All kinds, from fools to silly—
And good, too, but they's one kind makes
A special hit with Willie.

Taint him that's shootin up the place
With lang-widge plum prodijous,
And lets out guff bout everything
On earth—likewise ree-ligious—

I hates them kind that's long on gab
And sloppyful o' learnin—
The one that makes a hit with me
Is long on jest discernin.

It's him that savvies to a thing
And knos it without bein
Sure how he knos; he sorta seems
To see it without seein.

He jest rides herd on Big Idees
And ropes em in in bunches—
Then keeps em in, and holds his yap
And follers out his hunches.

But always in his thot corral
Them Big Idees keep brewin,
And when one does break out—aw, say!
Yuh gotta hand it to him.

JEST AROUND THE CORNER

JEST around the corner
The street is all a-shine
With happy, yellow, golden glows
A standin in a line,
And the autumn air is stirrin
The leaves to music sweet,
And the mellow, autumn sunshine
Is a lightin up the street.
Blind and settin in the shadders
Where the autumn breeze blows chill,
When the children scamper past me,
I can feel the sunshine thrill
In their happy, eager voices—
As they turn the corner there
Some cub'll allus stop and push
Along my ol wheel chair.
Leave my trouble in the shadders
And set up straight an fine
When he gits me round the corner
Where the street is all a-shine.
Seems like round the corner
There is always somethin good,
When they's troubles hoverin round you,
And life's not understood—
There is always somethin cheery
Like the golden glows in line,
Awaitin round the corner
Where the street is all a-shine.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

PRAYER TO THE WAR GOD

FILL me with thy spirit, O God of War,
That I may encompass destruction.

Smite me with the Hand of Power,
That I may cringe to subjection.

Blind mine eyes with the Iron of Necessity,
That I may not See Visions.

Fetter me to the Treadmill of Tradition,
That my feet walk not in New Paths.

Link with me the Ox of Fear,
That my soul be consumed with Terror.

Put upon me the Yoke of Hate,
That it may chafe me to Madness.

Bind me with the Thongs of Malice,
That they may fret me to Violence.

Choke me with the Clutch of Greed,
That I may spew Venom.

Scourge me with the Whip of Scorn,
That it may inflame me to Fury.

Sear me with the Brand of Cain,
That I may be enraged to Murder.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Slake my thirst with Blood of Mine Own,
That its stench may enthrall my nostrils.

Prod me with the Goad of Vengeance,
That I may wrench from my Bonds and do Havoc.

Give me the Torch of Lust,
That I may blaze a Path to *Hell*.

THE TUNELESS FIDDLE

PA he's awful fond of music,
Onct he bought a great, big fiddle,
It's got a long neck an one laig,
An he plays it crost its middle.
Ma said such tricks she bet some day
Would make Pa drain a bitter cup,
He laft an winkt at me, an says,
"Jes wait, ol girl, till I tune up."
Then he dresst up in his best soot
An played, an kep time with his boot—
But the tune want nuthin but "zoot,
Zuggity zoot, zug zoot, zug zoot."

Pa dresses up in his best soot
An he packs that fiddle down
And plays to all the movie shows,
An dances, an things in town.
His soot's an nawful checkered one,
All chuncks uh white an brown.
Ma says you'd think he owned the place
For more'n forty mile aroun,
To see him there tappin his boot
An smirkin roun in that best soot,
Jes a playin that same ol "zoot,
Zuggity zoot, zug zoot, zug zoot."

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Ma dont never go out with Pa,
She's allus to home a-workin.
Onct she got mad an went fer Pa!
Gee, you otta seen her jerkin
Tubs an things an jawin Pa!
Said he's too plum fond uh shirkin,
An he sure otta have more sense,
An not be fer allus lurkin
Roun no-count shows, in that best soot,
Jest a plain nut, fiddlin galoot,
Fiddlin away his time on "zoot,
Zuggity zoot, zug zoot, zug zoot."

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

ECSTASY

I HAVE brought children into the world,
I have en-bodied human souls,
Sweet mouths have fed at my young breasts.

I am linked eternally with youth,
My feet prospect ascending paths;
My mind invites inspiring scenes;
No darkest hour can veil my vision,
Nor can Death rob me of my glory.

I have brought children into the world,
I have en-bodied human souls,
Even now *Life* feeds at my young breasts,
And in my arms I hold The Future.

MY PROMPTER

“NOW sing!” commands my little son,
As he creeps up in my lap,
And nestles his head upon my breast,
Prepared for a “dood, long nap.”
“Sing me sumfin nice,” he pleads,
As his rosy lips meet mine.
“What shall I sing, my little boy?”
“Oh, tails in a waggin a-hine.”

“Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep—”
So oft the tale I’ve told,
I can but wish those erst-while lambs
Had never left the fold.
My thoughts go straying like the sheep,
I merely hum the line,
My little son, as prompter, says,
“Wiv tails in a waggin a-hine.”

Over again I sing the words
Of the sheep from Bo Peep fleeing:
Drooping lids close softly down
As she “dreamt she heard them bleating.”
I kiss the eyes as I lay him down,
My precious boy so fine;
The white lids quiver—he murmurs low,
“Wiv tails—in-a-waggin-ahine.”

THE DEAD LIVING ROOM

I AM alone.

My children have left me.

The little apartment that squeezed about us so tightly has expanded and grown cavernous and empty.

I no longer bump into the furniture. It has shrunk into unaccustomed order and become pious and strange.

The piano is asleep. Its usual covering of tumbled sheets of music is ranged carefully on the cabinet, the door of which does not stand ajar.

Everything is in order.

The rugs lie flat and unwrinkled.

None of the draperies is loosened or askew.

The shades hang straight and trim and at the same level across the windows.

On the desk the blotting pad is unspotted. Pens and pencils lie primly in their little wooden grooves. Erasers and paper knives are properly placed. The ink bottles are covered.

The machine drawers are tightly closed.

Shears and scissors hang, each pair on its peg, like children's hats in a school closet.

The colorful fruit, piled high in the basket, but yesterday—it seems—glowed a wanton invitation to quick destruction. Today it is untouched, precise and virtuous.

Everything is in order.

The morning paper is neatly folded.

The couch pillows are plump and undented.

No finger prints blur the polished sides of the bookcases. The books stand straight and austere in formal, unfriendly exactness; not one leans familiarly across to hobnob with his neighbor.

In the darning basket, the stockings do not tumble in a vari-colored heap, dripping over the edge. The diminished contents lie, compact, sober-hued, and dignified.

Everything is in order—

The "boys' table"—

Two old pipes and a half filled box of tobacco, a writing pad on which are a pencil sketch of a dog and a bridge score—

The room is suddenly filled with memories that push me back across the threshold—

Tremblingly I close the door quickly, and stand leaning against it, panting and with clenched hands.

My little sons—

All at once—they were men—

Soldiers!***

I am alone.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

INSOMNIA

INTO the mystic silence of the night
My thots intrude—

Eager questioning thots of coming day,
Brooding, over-lapping thots of yesterday

Prick my consciousness
With sharp insistence.

They push against my throbbing eyes
And force the lids apart—

Vainly I search the black pocket of the night
For keys to my perplexities.

MOTHER ACROSS THE SEA

O H, friend of mine with burning eyes—
Mother across the sea,
To you my spirit has fared forth
In deep answering agony.
Oh, friend of mine with burning eyes
On whose woe-darkened soul
The brand of war has left its scar,
I, too, in sons have paid the toll.

When the world is crushed in the grasp of greed
Must we ever stand passive by?
With war-wracked hearts and heads meek bowed
While our sons and our son's sons die?
Shall arms of steel supplant our arms?
Shall War crash through the years
A bitter blight? Shall Might make right
This monstrous thing of fears?

May common grief in common cause
Bring mothers from afar,
Together, in expanding love,
To rid the world of war.
With hearts attuned we must impart
The truth to coming ones,
That Love of Race finds 'biding place
In the souls of the sons of our sons.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

SONG OF THE AIRMAN

OUR grandcestors were pioneers
And braved the raging sea,
In a fragile boat that kept afloat
But to reach its destiny.
No greater risk than theirs is mine,
My boat, wide-winged and swift,
I navigate by grace of Fate,
Fate kept theirs, too, adrift.

Air, air, air,
Elixir beyond compare!
I long to be a pioneer
And help to conquer the next frontier,
The air, air, air.

Our grandcestors were heirs to slaves
And grants of land and sea,
They were heirs to greed, heirs to creed,
Heirs to plutocracy.
They were heirs to customs of bygone years,
And other antiques rare,
But a greater legacy have we
We're the heirs to the air.

Air, air, air,
Elixir beyond compare!
The only thing left to us that's free,
Hail the real Democracy,
The air, air, air.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Our fathers built seagoing ships,
And anchored ships of State,
Towns born to fame bore many a name
Of these men good and great.
They builded businesses from which
They built them castles rare,
But there were none so fine as mine,
My castles in the air.

Air, air, air,
Elixir beyond compare!
I'll steer my ship by my lucky star
Straight to the place where my castles are,
In the air, air, air.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

YOUNG MANHOOD

THE Future opens to my eyes
My league with human destinies,
In Life's great plan I hold my place,
A father to the coming race.

I am the mould of my own son,
To him my weaknesses pass on,
I am his strength who is to be,
His wealth of health abides in me.

The action of my heart will beat
The march of progress for his feet;
My conscience makes his conscience kind,
My mind illuminates his mind.

By my soul's vision will he be
Enchained, or happily walk free.
This be my creed as I go on—
He fails in all who fails his son.

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS

A DOMESTIC play in one act and nine hundred and ninety-nine shivers.

Scene:—The hall, outside the nursery door.

Time:—Nine o'clock Christmas Eve.

Discovered omnes.

Robert:—(holding candle. Whispering.)
Now come on kids, dont be s scairt.
You all jes hold right on to me.

Rowland:—Aw, Gertrude's fraid!

Gertrude:— I aint one bit.

Rowland:—Y'are. You're shakin. I kin see.

Gertrude:—I aint fraid, I'm only *cold*.

They's such big shivers in this hall.
Don's awful fraid.

Donald:— Not needer fraid.

Not needer not fraid. Not fraid a-tall.

Rowland:—Go head, Rob, you got the light.

Robert:—Well, then you ketch right hold uh me.

Rowland:—Your fraid yourself.

Robert:— I aint, it's you
That's fraid—jus fraid as you kin be.

Rowland:—I didn't say I wasn't. So!

The rest you kids are bout as fraid.

Gertrude:—We wont see Santa Claus a-tall

If you big boys dont go ahead.

Rowland:—Gimme the candle. I'll go first.

Robert:—I wont. Don, hold to sister, see?

Gertrude:—Shall I hold on to Woland, too?

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Robert:—Yes, Row! you hold tight on to me.
Come on, now. H-s-s-sh! Cant you be still?

Hold up your nightiest er y'll fall!

Gertrude:—Which way'll we go?

Robert:—Downstairs, uh course.

We mustn't make a noise at all.

Rowland:—Y'd better stop your talkin, then.

Your whispin makes a nawful noise.

Donald:—I dint say nuffin; not no word.

Did I, Wobbet?

Gertrude:—Oh, hurry boys!

Robert:—Come on then—Sh! Say, what was that?

Is that HIM, Rowland, do you spouse?

Gertrude:—I wisht I had my stockins on.

Donald:—I'm awful told wivout my toles.

Gertrude:—Oh dear, I'm fraid! Les go to bed.

Rowland:—If Gertrude's fraid, we better had.

If Father comes an finds us here——

Robert:—I bet that he'd be awful mad.

Donald:—I fink I heard a nuvver noise.

Rowland:—So'd I. Reindeers, I'm almos sure.

Donald:—Oh, Wobbet, les us go to bed.

Gertrude:—I'm fraid to watch out here some more.

Robert:—Say, Rowland, les us take the kids

Both back an put em in their beds.

Rowland:—Alright—an go to bed ourselves——

Robert:—Yes, an all cover up our heads!

(Exeunt hurriedly, nursery door.)

Land of California



PHOTO BY HANSELMAN

"I FINK I HEARD A NUVER NOISE."

70 1980
ABSTRACT

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

IN MOTHER'S EYES

RIGHT in the windows of your eyes
I see a fairy, dear,
Who polishes all day to keep
The windows bright and clear.
And when, one time I questioned her,
She bobbed her dainty head,
And smiling like a Summer day,
"I'm Mother-love," she said,
"My joy it is the whole day thru
To keep the windows bright for you."

HE

HE'S about the stillest person a body ever see,
They aint one single thing I kno that he takes
after me.

The kids is mostly like me, tho, they're chatty, little
folks.

HE shets his mouth with his ol pipe an jes sets tight
and smokes.

You otta watch him when the kids they gits to slingin
gaff—

HE'LL pouch his mouth and squinch his eyes and
rub his chin to laff.

When they gits fresh they never mind, no matter
what I say,

But let **HIM** cluck, er lift his hand, they simmer
right away.

Out in the park on Sundays, no odds how big the
crowd,

HE hushes all that sets by him, his stillness is so loud.

And when **HE'S** gone away to work his stillness
sticks around,

Sost I go tiptoe half the time—cant bear to make
a sound.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

The hardest time of all is when the kids is gone to
bed,

An jes the clock a-tickin is every word that's said.

When I git mad an jaw, he only clears his throat.

Gee, I've listened to his silence till it's kinda got my
goat.

An I'm ketchin of it off him—sometimes I've set so
mum

I've went out and called the cat, to find out if I'm
dum.

I spose my jawin this-a-way aint no airthly sorta use,

But I'd bottled up my feelins till I hadta jes bust
loose.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

GARDENS AND SPRING

I LOVE a garden in Spring
Where the sweet-laden apple boughs swing,
Where the birds and the bees,
The brooks and the breeze,
And the cute little Katydid sing.
 Spring and garden fair,
 Thrilling, trilling air,
 Meet my true love there,
 In a garden.

I long for my dream to come true
In a garden, this Springtime, I, too,
With the birds and the bees,
The brooks and the trees,
Would sing my heart's true love to you.
 Spring beflowered and fair,
 Thrilling, trilling air,
 Meet me, my love, there,
 In the garden.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

A PRAYER

MAY I meet them joyously
What e're Life's seasons bring to me.

Joyous when the Spring flow'rs nod,
Shy hopes of youth, above the sod.

Joyous when the Summer's sun
Rides high, or summer's skies are dun.

Joyous when the Fall takes toll
Of all the gardens of my soul.

Joyous meet the snows caress,
Should Winter find me shelterless.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

AN ARTLESS PARVENUE

YES, I struck oil at Porter, bout three mile outa town.

The little ranch I owned want quite the poorest land aroun,

An when I struck that gusher that spurted up sky high,

My land riz right accordin, to a million, purty nigh—
An I'm rich. Aint it cur'us, I didn't kno what t do?

Want no great shakes at lazin roun, with nuthin t git thru,

But Ma she pestered me with style, an Bess, too, done her part

An made my life a burden tel she went t study art.

Then we went t live at Denver an put on heaps uh style.

Ma quarreled with her hired girls, an never cracked a smile.

It's strange how awful contrawise these money questions are,

What y haint got yer sure t want, an when yer lucky star

Has riz up in a oil well, an yer money's flowin in,
It brings sech trials you most wisht yer good an poor agin.

I grinned an bore it faithful, swallowin down my achin heart

Tel Bess come home from Paree, where she'd ben t study art.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Well, I slep up in the attic, on a nice, clean straw
tick,
An Ma she slep in a buddoor, so French it made me
sick.
But Bess jest had t have a "paintin stooedo," she
sed,
So they dolled up the attic an carted off my bed.
I cant sleep good in Ma's buddoor, an so I go each
day
Out where I keep my ol team an nap there on the
hay.
Now, I aint no conoozier, but Ma says et Bess paints
grand,
An et I dont "presheate her," an I "dont under-
stand."
I bot all her finished picters, an thot I done my part—
Oh, landy goshen! how I wisht Bess hadn't studied
Art.

She dont paint no scenery,—jest riddle-de-rinctum
things—
Big gobs uh color plastered on twixt curly-cues, an
rings—
An crippled figgers, all bulged up, with not a stitch
uh cloze—
Not no modesty bout em, but they's lot uh Art, I
spose.
I'd like to have her paint the place an put in all of us,
But I dont dast to say so, for fear Ma'd make a
fuss—
Gad! I'd give more money right now, t hug her t
my heart,
Than I'd give fer all her paintins of futurism Art.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Our house aint what you might call home, it's jest a
stoppin place,

With Ma a-playin lady, an plasterin her face,
An Bess a paintin horrors up in that stooedo,
An me sorta moonin roun with no neighbrin place t
go.

Gad! I jest cant help from thinkin uh how it usta
be

Out on the ranch, so happy-like, Ma, an Bess, an
me—

There we worked an planned together, but here
we're all apart—

I jest mope roun, Ma puts on style, an Bess she
studies Art.

IN THE SHIP'S HOLD

*O, Corporal of the Muleteers,
What of thy work today?*

Jerkin the "dears" out by the ears
And kickin em back to stay.
It's hustling dung up, rung by rung,
To the man who stands on deck—
And hate him for fare, for the breath of air
That cools his turkey neck.
It's cleanin stalls, between the hauls,
With a hell-howl if we slips,
That's somethin worse than the usual curse
That croaks from our crackin lips.

*O, Corporal of the Muleteers,
Pray tell me of thy fare?*

The mule-smell beats us to the eats,
No matter where they are.
We make a bluff to eat the stuff—
But, God, the taste of it!
The seeping stink, defiles our drink,
And we're too dry to spit.
The stench of mules seeks out our souls
As we on bum beds lie—
We're soaked in mule from heel to heel
And we'll smell it till we die.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

WHERE IS THE OUNCE THAT YESTERDAY?

(A WEIGHTY QUESTION)

WHERE is the ounce that yesterday did Cynthia adorn?
Where is that precious ounce of her that is not here
this morn?

Last ounce of sixteen treasured pounds — 'twas
gained within the week—
But yesterday this elf did paint a deeper rose her
cheek.

But yesterday a deeper grove did ring her winsome
wrist,
And rounder were the thighs of her, and arms with
dimples kisst.

Oh, big, wee ounce of Cynthia, that topped her latest
pound—
Come sage and seer and tell me where that lost ounce
may be found.

FORCE OF HABIT

PLEASE, Dickie, do, oh, Dickie do
 Forgive my grievous crimes,
Of donting you and donting you
 So many, many times.

As I look back it seems to me
 I've donted you from birth.
I've donted all your weeping times
 And donted times of mirth.

I've donted little, harmless ills
 With great, big, vicious "DONTs"
And donted many merry "wills"
 Into unhappy "wonts."

For all this careless trespassing
 Upon the sacred ground
Of this your character domain,
 I own a grief profound.

Most fervently I pray that you,
 My sturdy Dickie, wont
Hold all these donts against me—do,
 Please, dear Dickie, *dont*.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

LITTLE DAFFYDILLY

LOOK up, little daffydilly, dont you be afraid,
I aint going to hurt you none, for I am jest
a old maid,

A little old maid with her hair turned gray,
Who onct had a lover, but he was stole away;
And of all the flowers I see about me to the left and
right,

I love you best, cause you wert his fave-orige.

Yr Obt. Svt,

PATTY PRIMROSE.

AH! WOULDST I WERT

Ah! wouldst I wert a meermaid
To skim through the ayzure see
To flipper flap my little fins
And smile aloud in glee.

Ah! wouldst I wert a meermaid
With teresses long and crimpt
To float about my lingering form
Whilst the ayzure see I skimpt.

Anon would I glide around myself
With menny a curling twist
But ah! I am not a meermaid;
What playsures I have mist.

Whilst the meermaids skim the azyure see
And comb their hairs with vim
My work a lass keeps me to home
And milk is all I skim.

Yr Obt. Svt.

PATTY PRIMROSE.

THE DANDIEST DAY

THANKSGIVIN'S jest the dandiest day
Of all the year—
Cept Chrismus; course that beats em all—
But Fourth-July, that's lots uh fun—
Say, aint it queer
Et when yuh stop to think, an call
Em over, one by one,
Yuh jest cant say
Which one is the dandiest day?
I know what!—I'm goin to say
Thanksgivin's the dandiest day
Et comes in fall.
But, then, in fall comes Hallow-ween—
Hi! swellest time yuh ever seen!
Fun?—fudge! well you jest bet! We all
Go ringin bells an scarin folks
With tick-tacks—gee—an up so *late*.
Pa said us fellers carries jokes
Too fur. That's when we snuck our gate
Clean out to Joneses pastcher. He
Says us kids make heaps more noise
'N they did when him an his friends wuz boys.
Pa's *easy*! He says, "Ay, gad!
I swow, I never wuz *quite* so bad!
But, then, all boys must have their fun."
Oh, gee!
Hallow-ween's jim-hun!
But think of dinner, me-oh-my,
On Thanksgivin! Yum-yum! Punkin pie,

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

An turkey, an nice cranberry sauce,
An chicken pie, an marmulade,
An oyster soup—ma makes it boss,
An cheese, an jam, an chowcalutt cake—
The finest kind et's ever made—
An eat, an eat till you most die,
An git a-nawful bellie-ache!
Then eat some more; oh fudge!
You eat so much you jest cant budge.
Aint no one et beats me, you bet.
Ma says she's pos-itive I can
Eat more that day an any man
She ever see.
Oh, gee!
When it's *right here*, I say,
Thanksgivin's *sure* the dandiest day.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

THE ONE-YEAR-OLD LADY

WHERE is the winsome lady fair
Who is one year old today?

*** My sakes, not you?

*** Tut! have a care—

You're surely two.***

What's that you say?***

*** Just one small year?

*** Dear me, that's queer.

You are big and smart

Enuff for two.***

Pardon? ** Yes, I do.

*** That is absurd.

I have the word

Of both your parents for it, dear.

I kno it all by heart:—

Each tiny ear

Is like a shell,

That has a mystic, magic spell.

Your cheeks are dainty, peach-blow pink,

Teeth like daisy petals white,

Eyes the blue of skies at night.

The flush of morning's on your brow,

On dimpled toes and paddie tips;

A glint of gold in lashes fair,

The glow of sunlight in your hair—

You must not think,

I do not kno.

No brooch of gold

I need to hold

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

The imprint of your precious face,
Parental love with cunning art
Has painted it within my heart.

*** Yes, that's the case.

*** Oh, well,
You must not care if they do tell.

I know 'tis true,
Virginia, you
Are the sweetest,
Darlingest, completest,
Lovingest, prettiest,
Brightest, dearest, wittiest,
Sunniest,
Honeyest,
Cutest and best—***

*** Oh, you do know the rest?

*** Oh!

*** So,
You have heard them before?

*** What!

Not all in one day?

*** As many as that?

I don't wonder you say
'Tis a terrible bore.***

Oh, I see, something new—
Dearie me, just for you?

*** Don't mention***

*** 'Tis my intention

To do it right now—

Put my thinking cap on and see if there maybe
A new love term coined for our One-Year-old Lady.

HIS PHILOSOPHY

I F Santie Claus *is* Santie Claus
And I wont say he aint him, cause,
If I should say it, dont you see,
And he's like what he seems to be,
The best old fellah in the land,
He mightent not quite understand
I thot he was, till Cousin Ned
Said Santie's a "pertend," an said
That him an Mary found it out
A long, long time ago. For bout
A year he's onto all that stuff
That Santie's nothing but a bluff.
They cant fool him with their old jokes,
He *kno*s that Santie's just our folks.

Just cause Ned's bigger some than me
He thinks that I should otta gree
With evrything he says, but, gee,
That really, truly couldent be.
How could they get that photygraft
Of Santie shaking when he laft
Like a bowl of jelly? And how,
If he aint living, do they kno
About his pack and reindeer sled?
An, I'm just going to tell old Ned
That he's *all wrong*. That stuff aint so,
Santie's not just folks we kno.
I kno he's had his pitchers took,

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

For they're all in my Christmas book.
And I kno *he's Him*, cause—aw—cause
Nobody looks like Santie Claus.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

MY ELECTRICAL FAN

OH, the soft whirr of my humming-bird fan,
The breeze from its fairy wings blown,
Like the bland breath of Neptune across the dark
wave,
When the god of day has gone down.

Come visions of youth, carefree and at ease,
That waft from its pinions aflight—
The dear old home place, with broad, stretching
fields,
In the coolness and calm of the night;

The low-lying house at the top of the hill,
That the arms of the big elm tree span;
The soft, swaying breezes I loved as a boy—
They come to me now from my fan.

The sound of the bee, as home to the hive
With his burden of honey he swings,
And the low, crooning lilt of the wind in the pines,
I catch from my fan's rhythmic wings.

If I must live afar from the open-road way,
In the haunts of the business-tried man,
Let cool breezes waft to me visions of old
From the swing of my swift moving fan.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

SPRING GETS ME

WHOOP-ER up, Pe-gas-us, hi!
 Spring is in the air.
Old Marm Trouble's done gone died
 Along with Old Marm Care.
Life is as sweet to me
 As honey in the hive.
Whoop-er up, Pe-gas-us, gee!
 I'm glad I'm alive.
Whoop-er up, Pe-gas-us, yip!
 Spring is in the air.
I'm so bustin full of happiness
 I gotta yell for fair.
I'm young and I'm strong
 And there's ginger in my blood.
Whoop-er up, Pe-gas-us, gosh!
 We gotta make good.
Whoop-er up, Pe-gas-us, yah!
 I've stretched out my chest
Till my darn-fool heart's near kickin off
 The flowers on my vest.
Dont mind tellin you, ol hoss,
 Love's wig-wagged my code—
An, SHE'S waitin at the Parson's—wow!
 Peg, burn up the road!

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

A THANK YE MA'AM

(TO THE MA OF A MUSICAL FAMBLY.)

WHEN Vivyun sings the music rings
And eckos in my ears
For hours and days—right there it stays
And tunes up all I hears.

And your young Lute with that there flute,
He never plays it wrong,
But thin and shrill each tremblin trill
Melts into Vivyun's song.

Then yore old man fits in the plan
And sings to soot me, too.
I wont forget rite soon, you bet,
That "Old Gum-tree Canoo."

When Raff draws bow, so sweet and low,
Acrost them fiddel strings,
I feel jest like my soul could hike
And hitch onto its wings.

And then they's you, a helpin thru,
And addin to the sport
Them yard an yards of scrumptious cords
On that pianyfort.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

Right on the jump you make them hump
From revelie to taps—
Lute, Vivyun, Raff, your better half
And Billie with his traps.

At first you're gay and then you play
Sad tunes that grip my spine,
And fore I know it's time to go,
You're playing Old Lang Zine.

And when young Lute from that there flute
Shakes out that lonesome note
That wails and weeps, it gives me creeps
And gorges up my throat.

I want to say when I go way,
That "I've enjoyed the chance—"
But, shucks! I fill up like a poisoned pup
And growl "good night" in pants.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

THE DREAMER

THE years are shorter now than when a child
You dreamed your way through them and oft
beguiled
Your leisure hours with thots of Things to Be—
When in two parts your years you'd spell—then
three—

When you should be thirteen—and then as old as
Twenty-one!
From that vast sum you took away the years already
gone—
To add them to the years to be but made them longer
grow,
But eight away from twenty-one left "just thirteen
to go."

As years dragged slowly then, so after-time they flew
Too very, very soon—the old to greet the new.
Then came the dreamless time, the time when you
looked back,
To grasp the scheme of life, along the beaten track.
The unknown way confronting youth,
Became the known, the dream the truth.
'Twas not your childhood vision—but the years
came true,
The time of which you'd dreamed was now a part
of you.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

And then again you dreamed—looked through to
the unknown,
Eager to make the untried, future years your own.
And grasping them, your arms stretched out for
more,
Praying that they might come whate'er their store;
The incidents they held for you of happiness or strife
Meant naught—they were the privilege—their-
selves were life.

* * *

The Dreaming One lifts high Time's glass
To watch the hours thread thru,
Exulting that each grain must move
To keep the rythm true,
And tho his hours he may not count
He knows they have their place—
That each and every human life
Threads thru allotted space.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

AUTUMN SNAP SHOTS

(From Harrisburg to Baltimore)

An early grey morning breaking into smiles
Over the top of a sleepy forest.

A little, lean, old village hobbling along
The sluiceway to an old mill.

Big, brown hills lying like huge, shaggy nuts
On fertile meadows.

A shiftless town sprawling on all fours
From ridge to ridge up a slatternly slope.

Neat, trim rugs of emerald green, spring wheat,
Hugged close to Mother Earth,
Between rows of ragged, unkempt corn shocks
With scrawny arms outstretched as if to beg for alms.

Three brown hunters—two men and a dog—
Silhouetted against the warm-hued sky
At the top of a sepia hill.

A fat, self-satisfied, old town, with narrow,
Muddy roads.
Rows of complacently shabby houses
Face each other across a stream
That, like themselves, has seen better days.

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

The lean, the sleek, the loud, the meek,
The calm, the flurried, the slow, the hurried,
The cross, the happy, the sweet, the scrappy,
Preceding me along the aisle,
In answer to the luring smell,
And, "de fust call fo breakfus in de dinin cah!"

[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

A CLIMATIC CULMINATION

THE Flu it tackled Jimmie Puntz an with him
hard it tussled,
Thru ev'ry muscle, nerve and vein, an tooth an toe
it hustled.
It toddled up his spinal col'm an jazzed around his
thorax;
It snitched his sense of smell an made his tongue
as dry as borax;
It opened up his right tear duct, until that eye was
pourin;
It shut his left eye, swole his cheeks an set his ears
a roarin.
It closed his nasal passages an sagged his mouth
wide open,
For steen weeks with that tuff microbe, the poor gink
was a copin.

Jim's friends an family *agreed* twas Flue that ailded
Jimmie,
And recommended ev'rything, from blue mass to the
shimmie.
Some started him with Swoboda, then Bennett an
McFadden—
Positions curly, straight, zigzag—not one but he felt
bad in.
Then other friends said "liver wrong," "inharmoney"
"an error"—
"Try pinkless pellets," "trust your guides," "elim-
inate your terror."

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[BY SPECIAL REQUEST]

He allopathed an harmonized, seanced an mental
 scienced,
Took pills an treatments—an advice—from Ma's
 to his affianced.
He homypathied, ostypathied, had a chiropractor,
Was pinched an twisted till he's sure he hit a skid-
 din tractor.
He boiled in mud at min'ral springs, took baths in
 tubs and spatters,
Till Jimmie with that pesky gherm was almost wore
 to tatters.
Then Skinny Jim went travelin, an kept a goin west-
 ward—
But never once did Jimmie's tum begin a growin
 vestward,
Till he struck California, when he was well nigh
 blooey—
That place where Climate's born and raised, babe-
 ruthed that Flu gherm fluey.

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